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**R**EMEMBER that he who violates the laws of the land tramples on the blood of the fathers, and tears in sunder the charter of his own and his children's liberties.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN



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# THE BULLETIN

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## AMERICA'S GREATEST SON?

By W. E. T., REG. 33101

WHO shall worthily tell in 2000 words what Abraham Lincoln was; what his country owes to him; decide whether he was absolutely the greatest of all Americans? Who shall perform this task at all? The tongue of man fails in the effort. That of the angels might well falter.

To get an adequate measure of what Lincoln really was, we must get back to his birth, early years, poverty, toil, and lack of opportunity. The child of Thomas Lincoln and his wife, Nancy Hanks, was born in the hill country of Kentucky on the borderland, between the savage wilderness and the farthest advanced outpost of civilization in America, on February 12, 1809. Here he lived with his parents until seven years of age.

The family then moved to Indiana, and then, leaving the Ohio River, hauled their small belongings out into the wilderness as far as the father could blaze a track. There he constructed a cabin, made of logs on three sides, open to the south for light, without floor, door, window or chimney. In a corner on a bed of dried leaves, the boy slept. He dressed in skins, dyed with walnut stains, and so grew up in the wilderness until, at 16, he was apprenticed to a boatman on the river.

There we have the manner of birth, bringing-up and childhood of the man all the world honors today. His prospects in life were of the darkest, his hope of advancement the smallest, his opportunities the fewest. Yet, by sheer force of character, he rose to be the greatest of all men of his time; perhaps the greatest of all recorded time, when all the elements of

his character are weighed, and all his achievements duly measured.

But let us distinguish carefully. In proportion to the scantiness of Lincoln's chances in the competition of life, we must set in inverse ratio his native gifts of intellect and soul. Providence, which cut him off so completely from opportunities, endowed him with innate forces more than compensating. He was, in all ways, a most remarkable man, because he had a remarkable task to perform. Scarcely had a man at any time such a work to do, and the man to do it came from the fruitful womb of time at the psychological moment. His training was just what he required to develop his powers and the various elements of his character.

This is not the place to dwell on the achievements of Abraham Lincoln. They need no new recital. That task has been done by many hands, some of them the ablest. The crisis which called his powers into action was the most trying that ever beset a great nation. Its outcome was the most momentous to humanity that any event in history involved. All the facts in the career of the great President are spread in the most brilliant colors on the pages of our country's annals. Our task here is a weak, feeble attempt to sum up in a few words our conception of the man himself; to help our readers to a conclusion as to what manner of spirit dwelt in that remarkable, that picturesque casket of clay which, for half a century, was known among us under the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Much above six feet in stature, gaunt,



osseous, awkward of movement, furrowed of brow, sad-eyed, modest of mien, in no way self-assertive, the man passed all his years, whether splitting rails, as deck hand on a river boat, as country lawyer, or as President of a great nation in the throes of a gigantic war—outwardly he moved among men remarkable in physique, kindly of spirit, but always unsurpassable, unapproachable by his competitors in the result of his efforts, whether they were merely muscular or in the higher realms of the intellect.

We would say that the quality of Lincoln's character, sure first to attract attention, sure to make a profound impression at contact, was the penetrating, incisive, far-reaching grasp of his mind. He first came before the country in a conspicuous way in his debate with Stephen A. Douglas. This man was skilled in long practice of the law, long activity in politics, considerable public service in Washington and in Illinois. The obscure country lawyer met him in debate, and at the end of it, Douglas declared Abraham Lincoln to be the readiest, most skillful debater, the most convincing reasoner in America, with the keenest, deepest insight into public affairs.

When Lincoln made that immortal address of fifteen minutes on the battlefield of Gettysburg, he summed up in two lines the whole great importance of the war, and all that hinged on its outcome. "That a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." There it is. Not the triumph of the North, not that of the South, not negro slavery, not sectional rivalry, not merely the existence of the country—but the fate of the human race, whether the stream of universal history should flow on, bearing humanity on its bosom to better conditions, to more peaceful progress, to greater safeguards over life and property rights, or the great stream were to be turned backward in its course leading again to a government of tyrants, by tyrants and for tyrants.

But great as was the intellect of Abraham

Lincoln, (and it was among the greatest humanity has yet produced,) the soul of the man outweighed his mind. Lincoln is the figure around whom stories center. They illustrate the spirit of the man as they do his mind. A young man struggling for a livelihood, he rode along the countryside one spring day to attend a case in court. He saw a fledgling robin that had fallen from its nest. Being in a hurry, he passed on. But, after going for a mile, the pricking of that tender conscience goaded the busy man. He wheeled about, rode back and put the birdling in its nest.

Devotion to the Union for the sake of humanity, self-effacement under the most trying conditions, genuine modesty of mien, inexhaustible patience when an outbreak would have been pardonable, a broad charity that cast a mantle of protection over the acts of others, a deep, fervent, unaffected love for all human kind, an ever-ready disposition to "spend and be spent" for his country sake, were the qualities that made up that great soul, were the impulses that flowed through that great heart with every drop of blood that visited its sad recesses.

We have brief sketches of the life of the Greatest Emancipator of All, who trod the earth 1800 years before Abraham Lincoln. In all the annals of these centuries, if there has been a spirit more like that of the Great Exemplar, a life more nearly parallel with his than that of our great martyr President, we have not had the good fortune to have read that biography.

Let us not dwell on the honor it is to our country to have one of its citizens, so obscurely cradled, accomplish so great a work. But let us paraphrase his own words at Gettysburg, here consecrate ourselves to the service of the country he served so well. God was not in the fire, the whirlwind, the earthquake, nor the tempest on the mountain top, but in the whisper that spoke to the soul. So patriotism and devotion to the cause of humanity may not be found in the self-assertive, in the noisy, in the figure that fills the spot where the calcium light is flashed, but in the meek,

retiring, patient man, whose sympathies were aroused by the fledgling in distress,

whose charity was a cloak broad enough to cover the faults of all but himself.

## OUR NEW YEAR'S SHOW

By P. B., REG. 34979

WHAT proved to be one of the happiest and most enjoyable New Year's shows in the history of this institution was enjoyed by the inmates of San Quentin on Monday, January 2, 1922. The local theater was more than taxed to its capacity; even standing room was at a premium, for a big vaudeville day had been looked forward to with keenest anticipation. These expectations were fully realized and gratified by no less a theatrical personage than Mr. Harry Ettling, a well-known and popular figure along the Rialto of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Ettling is a member of Local, No. 16, San Francisco, and to him we are indebted for the elaborate program presented for our entertainment.

When he received word that our chances for a New Year's show were "slim," he got busy and assembled the finest troupe of talented performers heard within these walls for years. Mere words are wholly inadequate to express to you, Mr. Ettling, and to the generous artists accompanying you, our profoundest gratitude and appreciation. You will long hold a green spot in the garden of our memories. Our thanks are due also to the members of Local, No. 16, (San Francisco Stage Mechanics,) who equipped and worked the stage. How could you have a show without "props"?

The splendid bill opened with an overture from S. W. Rosebrook, conductor, and his famous orchestra, which brought down a veritable flood of applause. He was ably assisted by Mr. A. Ray Engel, assistant conductor, and Mr. Herman King, of the Casino Theater, San Francisco, conducting for the "Golden State Four." Among the members of this orchestra, we found: Edwin O'Malley and Frank Peckham, drummers; E. B. La Haye, an old visitor and a member of the S. F. Symphony Orchestra, and Phil Sapiro, Bandmaster of the S. F. Municipal Band, both wizards of

the saxophone; Art Guerin, one of the best cornetists in the Bay region and a gifted soloist, who has visited us in past years; W. H. Davis, A. W. Allen, and Frank Mulkey, violinists; J. R. Gallet, pianist; Herbert Wilkings, trumpeter; Frank Yelavich and William Cully, clarinetists; Gerald Kenny and Ben Rico, trombonists; F. C. Bell and Frank Rossi, flutists; Joseph Walker and Emil Schulze, bassos; H. J. Benson, 'cellist; W. A. Belard, bassoon player. Mr. Belard is a member of the Board of Directors of Musicians' Local, No. 6; and it is through the courtesy and generosity of this organization's members that the above players were available for for this eventful occasion. The men here appreciate the services of these talented artists far more than words have the power to express, and we hope to have the opportunity of having them again.

Prominent among this splendid array of talent was Paul Ash, conductor, and his incomparable Symphony Jazz Orchestra, from Loew's State Theater, Oakland. (Incidentally, Mr. Ash and his fine group of entertainers terminate a long and successful engagement at this theater to go to the T & D Theater of the same city.) The members of this orchestra, who distinguished themselves osignally, were: Brooks Parker, flutist, and Jack Hibbard, 'cellist, who gave a superb rendition of Tilt's "Serenade" in duet. The highly artistic interpretation of this beautiful selection scored heavily with the audience, whose insistent applause called for an encore, which was gladly given. Then we heard an old friend, who has been a visitor to our New Year's shows in recent years, Charles Forsythe, clarinetist. And then, Chester Hazilett, saxophone soloist of quality and note, whose presentation of "Old Pal" was received with the enthusiasm it richly deserved. Joe Sinai, drum-

